

The Perrysburg Journal.

A Weekly Newspaper, Devoted to the Interests of Wood County, Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Education, the Arts and Sciences, Home and Foreign News.

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NO. XXVI

"Hoe Out your Row."

One lazy day, a farmer's boy
Was hoeing out the corn,
And merrily had listened long,
To hear the dinner horn.
The welcome blast was heard at last,
And down he dropped his hoe,
But the good man shouted in his ear:
"My boy, hoe out your row!"
Although a "hard one" was the row,
To use a plowman's phrase,
And the lad, as sailors have it,
Beginning well to "haze,"
"I can," said he, and merrily
He seized again the hoe,
And the good man smiled again to see
The boy hoe out his row.
The lad the text remembered,
And proved it word to the end,
That perseverance to the end
At last will nobly tend.
The courage, man resolve you can,
And strike a vigorous blow;
In life's great field of varied toil,
Always hoe out your row!

Influence of Dress on Health.

Many of the diseases to which the delicate and youthful of the female sex are peculiarly liable, and by which so many of them are hurried into the grave in the spring-time of their existence, may be traced to impropriety of dress—either by preventing, by its undue tightness and inconvenient form, the growth of the body, and the natural and free play of its various parts; or, by the want of caution in assuming it, to the temperature of the season, and to the various and rapid vicissitudes of the weather. One cause of the alarming prevalence of consumption among the ladies of this country, may, without any doubt, be traced to the general adoption of a style of dress which is totally unadapted to guard the body from the influence of cold, and of those sudden transitions from heat to cold, so common—especially in the Middle and Northern States—and more especially, under circumstances when these transitions of temperature are more liable to produce their baneful effects upon the system. The contrast in the habits of American and English ladies in this respect, is most surprising.

WOMAN'S SMILE AND LAUGH.

A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sun-beam is to the landscape. It embellishes an inferior face, and redeems an ugly one. A smile, however, should not become habitual, or insipidity is the result; nor should it be confined to a smile on one side, the other remaining passive and unmoved, for this imparts an air of deceit and grotesqueness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts the lines of beauty, and is more repulsive than a frown.
There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinct character; some announce goodness and sweetness, others betray passion, bitterness, and pride; some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness, others brighten it by their brilliant and spiritual vivacity. Gazing and poring before a mirror cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well as to turn the gaze inward, to watch that the heart keeps unswerving from the reflections of evil, and is illumined and beautified by all sweet thoughts.
Thus there is a woman's sweet laugh, than which there is not a natural grace more bewitching! Its sound has pleasantly been compared to that of flutes on the water. It leaps from her heart in a clear, sparkling ring, and the heart that it reaches feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. It runs the prose of lips into poetry; it flings flowers of sunshine over this darksome world in which we are traveling, and it glides with light and brightness all that it touches.—*Cin. Gazette.*

FRIENDS IN PROSPERITY.—One of the hardest trials of those who fall from affluence and honor to poverty and obscurity, is the discovery that the attachment of so many in whom they confided, was a pretense, a mask, to gain their ends, or a miserable shallowness. Sometimes, doubtless, it is with regret that these frivolous followers of the world desert those upon whom they have fawned; but they soon forget them. Flies leave the kitchen when the dishes are empty. The parasites that cluster about the favorite of fortune, to gather his gifts and climb by his aid, linger with the sunshine, but scatter at the appearance of a storm, as the leaves cling to a tree in summer weather, but drop off at the breath of winter, and leave it naked to the stinging blast. Like ravens desert down for a banquet, and suddenly scared by a noise, how quickly at the first sound of calamity, these superficial earthlings are more specks on the horizon!

But a true friend sits in the center, and is for all times. Our need only reveals him more fully, and binds him more closely to us. Prosperity and adversity are both revealing, the difference being that in the former our friends know us, in the latter we know them. But notwithstanding the insincerity and greediness prevalent among men, there is a vast deal more of esteem and fellow-feeling than is ever outwardly shown. There are more examples of unadulterated affection, more deeds of silent love and magnanimity, than is usually supposed. Our misfortunes bring to our sides real friends, before unknown. Benevolent impulses, where we could not expect them, in modest privacy, enact many a scene of beautiful wonder amidst plaudits of angels.—*North American Review.*

LOVE, DEATH, AND SUICIDE.—A Havana letter says:—

Some time ago a young Cuban of this city went to New York, where he gave himself up to the enjoyment of "life." In the course of his peregrinations he met a handsome young girl, whose name was Kate Joy. It was not long before he made love to her, and she reciprocated. Rumor says that their relations were more intimate than good morals would permit, but, on her part, at least, it appeared that they were all in good faith and predicated upon a partnership for better or for worse. Alas, for poor Kate! It has been all worse and no better for her, and her Joy, which was only in name, departed forever. For a while they corresponded faithfully, and every steamer carried the most ardent wishes to one or the other of the lovers. At last no more letters came from her. Poor Kate sorrowed, and wept, and watched in vain.—There was no letter, no message—nothing from him her heart adored. So a few weeks ago she resolved to come to Havana, and see what had befallen her lord. When she arrived here she sought out his family; but, inquiring with trembling anxiety for him, found that he had been dead for some months, and was then quietly sleeping in the cemetery. The blow broke her heart, and she determined to leave this world to join her betrothed in another. So she took a dose of opium, and was discovered one morning dead in her bed. A dagger, a box of opium, several miniature, and a bundle of love-letters were found among her effects, which have been taken charge of by the authorities.

AN EASY WAY TO SECURE SOUND SLEEPERS.—The way to obtain sound, refreshing sleep, is to put a receipt for a printer's bill in your pocket. This is a never-failing opiate. We are prepared to furnish so desirable a receipt to a large number of applicants.

For the Journal. OUR SCHOOL.

BY FLOSSY.

We were a wild and mischievous set, as ever plagued a master, when William Hunter first came among us, to act in the capacity of schoolmaster. But wildest, and most mischievous of us all, was Margaret Norton, or Mag, as she chose to be called. Mag was seventeen, had attended a seminary a year, and had come home to spend the winter. From some unaccountable whim, no one knew what, she had decided to attend the district school. It could not be that the fact of William Hunter's being young, and handsome, had any effect on her, for no one (save his old aunt, who was all in a flurry of expectation to see the nephew, she had not seen since he was a lad of twelve,) had ever seen him before he entered the school room, Monday morning, with a load of books under his arm.—It could not be his good looks, I say; but really Maggie did look most bewitchingly handsome, (so we thought) on the first day of school.

She was of medium height, fair complexion, eyes of so dark a blue that at times they seemed almost black, and with the merriest glance in them that was ever seen; hair a light brown, with the slightest tinge of gold, and hung in curls loosely on her shoulders, a dark crimson d'Almeida dress and plain linen collar, with the neatest Morocco boot, completed her costume. We sat together, Mag, and I, and if ever the spirit of mischief was embodied in a person, that person was Maggie Norton. She seemed to delight in tormenting Mr. Hunter, and constantly engaged in some piece of mischief which was so contrived and executed that none could tell who was the inventor—at least none who would be likely to tell, for Mag was the idol, the queen of our school. We all took pride in her genius, her fun-loving spirit. She it was who helped the younger in their reading lessons, and the older in their Algebra and Legendre; wrote the French exercises for the classical, and the compositions for the uninitiated. She always had her lessons, and yet she was never seen to study. Fun and frolic seemed the moving spring of her existence.

Mr. Hunter was, as I have said, a young man and a handsome one. Just freed from his studies, he had come to spend the winter with his aunt, and doubtless thinking to replenish his purse, he had engaged the village school.—It was no easy task to keep us in order, as he found out before long, for the contemptuous curl of his upper lip vanished, and a frown came on his brow, in its stead. And truly we were not a very prepossessing crowd, taken all in all, ragged boys, and girls not much better, from five years old up to twenty—numbering fifty in all. And no wonder his brow darkened as he saw the petty annoyances to which he was daily subjected, and the perpetrators of which he either could not, or did not choose to discover.

Among our number was one, the son of a wealthy man, who had lately come in our midst, and who, on account of the wealth of his father and his own fine clothes, sought to impress us with the idea of his own importance, and not being over-stocked with brains, he was made the butt of many a jest, which, innocent fellow, he often never suspected. Now this young gentleman had arrived at the mature age of eighteen, and being impressed with his own charms, both personal and mental, and discovering the beauty of our queenly Mag, thought her a fit companion for himself and the only equal he had in the school. This afforded us infinite amusement, and the more so as we found that she was excessively annoyed if any mention was made of Arthur Clemens before our schoolmaster. Why it should annoy her so, we never could see. During the recitation of a class in Arithmetic, one day, Mr. Arthur began in his grandiloquent style to explain an example, but made a failure, and we all had a hearty laugh at his discomfiture, Mag, as usual, taking the lead. Poor Arthur was terribly embarrassed, not only with the failure, but also the laugh which followed it, and at intermission, he asked Maggie why she had laughed, adding, "you should be more charitable to us poor gentlemen."

"Ah! Mr. Arthur, you know we ladies must have our joke," was the reply. The "we ladies" was so emphatic that even Mr. Arthur could not fail to see the meaning, and turning on his heel, he left us in a roar of laughter. One of the younger boys wrote on a slip of paper, "We is a gentleman, we is," and watching his opportunity, fastened it to the back of Arthur's coat, who, unaware of it, could not imagine what they were so pleased about. Of course no one would accuse Maggie of doing, or teaching others to do, so unbecomingly a thing, of course not.—If during the winter a snowball should happen to knock the cap from off Arthur's head, or render his nose, none would think Mag would be guilty of such a deed. To be sure she had been known to throw snowballs, or even wash the faces of some of the ugly boys, if she thought it necessary. But these things grew to be of such frequent occurrence that Mr. Arthur found it necessary to complain to Mr. Hunter, who forthwith forbade any further such demonstrations, under the penalty of being punished with a ferule, which Mr. Hunter had been known to use on more than one occasion with much severity. During recess of the very same day of said declaration, as Arthur was very quietly endeavoring to overturn a sled with a little girl on it, Mag, coolly packed a snowball, and the next moment Arthur was picking his cap from off the ground. Mr. Hunter saw the cap fall but did not see who threw the ball, and immediately school being called to order, demanded who was the offender.

No one replied. The question was repeated in no very gentle tone. "Mag, Norton," said a ragged boy, whose red face bore pretty strong evidence to a severe washing it had received from Mag's hands not long before, and who rejoiced in the opportunity of being revenged.

"Miss Margaret, was it you?" asked the teacher.

"It was," was the quiet reply.
"And was you aware of what I said about that morning?" We thought he spoke anxiously, but if he did, Mag. did not appear to notice it, for she replied,
"You said that any one who should throw a snowball, or otherwise tease Arthur Clemens, should be severely punished on the hand with a ferule." She almost smiled as she made this reply, and saw the look of annoyance that crossed Mr. Hunter's face as he heard it. Willingly would he have freed himself from enforcing the command. But the eyes of the whole school were upon him and he could not, and with some embarrassment he called her to the floor, which command she obeyed without hesitation, the slightest smile playing around her rosy lip, as she held out her soft, white hand to receive the promised punishment.

Mr. Hunter took the little hand in his own, and I am sure he squeezed it more than was at all necessary, and seeming to forget what his duty was, looked first at the hand, and then in Miss Mag's eyes, till she turned round with such a comical expression on her face that I laughed outright, and all the school joined. This appeared to arouse Mr. Hunter, and with almost a sigh he took up the ferule and raised it, but the hand which held it, dropped to his side as if by nerveless.

"Miss Margaret," he began, "I do most earnestly regret the necessity of punishing you."
"I know it," said Mag, coolly.
At this answer, his face flushed crimson, and again he raised the ferule, and again it refused to strike the delicate hand.

"Miss Norton," he began again, "will you promise never—a decided shake of the head interrupted him.
"Then I do not see that I can avoid punishing you according to the rules of school."
"You can't," said Mag, quietly.

Again the ferule was raised, and this time it fell softly, gently on the open palm—once, twice, three times, and then he said, "you can get your seat."

"How dreadfully he did squeeze my hand," said Mag, to me as she took her seat, as if nothing had happened.
Shortly after this our school closed, and soon after, Mr. Hunter left us, but not before he had made Mag. promise to become his wife. And so in the next autumn, on her 18th birthday, they were married. A year after I visited them, and Mag. told me that the first time she saw our teacher, she determined to marry, and so she did. So much for our school.

A PRIZE FIGHT AT LAFAYETTE, IND.—Fancy stock is going up, and prize fights are not without their effects. Robert Jones and H. W. Chase, two limbs of the law, had a fight in Court, at Lafayette, on Friday last. The Lafayette Courier gives the following graphic account of the first round.

Mr. Chase gave Mr. Jones the lie, "whereupon Mr. Jones planted a well directed blow between the two eyes of the aforesaid Mr. Chase, and was about to follow up his advantage, when Mr. Chase alighted 'got home,' as the 'fancy' express it, with a beautiful 'right counter' on the forehead of the aforesaid Jones, and the attorney for the plaintiff dropped, as limber as four cent muslin. He came to 'time' however, and closing with the railroad attorney, piled him into the jury box in a very uncomfortable shape."

As the parties were both exhausted, friends interfered, and had the second round postponed.
CLEVELAND BEEF AHEAD!—The contracts for beef to supply the British army and navy have been made. Proposals for seven thousand boxes were advertised for and were awarded as follows: Col. N. M. Standart, of Cleveland, three thousand three hundred; Oregon & Co., of Chicago, five hundred; and the balance between Adams, of Baltimore, Alburger, of Philadelphia, and Dominick, of Cincinnati. The prices agreed for the Cleveland packed beef are higher than for that packed at either of the other cities. The average price is £3 less than that of last year.

Cleveland thus stands at the head of the United States in the quality of its beef.—*Cleveland Herald.*
BAPTISTS.—The Baptist Almanac for 1859, gives the following summary of Baptists in the United States:

Associations	505
Churches	11,000
Ordained Ministers	7,141
Licentiates	1,045
Baptized in 1857	63,507
Total Members	925,193

Besides these there are the Anti-Mission Baptists, 55,000; and the Free-will Baptists, 50,212; and of Disciples and other denominations that practice immersion, about 400,000.

A TERRIBLE SURGICAL OPERATION.—Yesterday, an ovarian tumor weighing 27½ pounds, was removed from a Miss Tutor, from Hardin Co., by Dr. Hamilton. The patient was reduced to an extreme condition by the immense mass, and anxiously awaited herself of the only means of life, by subjecting herself to this terrible operation. An opening nine inches in length was made into the cavity of the abdomen, and the mass pushed from the bladder, bowels, &c., with the utmost difficulty. The patient, so far, is doing extremely well. The weight of the mass removed is about one-fourth of the weight of the patient, such is her emaciation.—*Columbus Post, 21st.*

AN OPINION OF CONGRESS.—Mr. Gurley, Republican, was formerly a Universalist minister.—One of his opponents was trying to persuade an old Methodist not to vote for him. "Do you think you are furthering the cause of religion," said he, "by voting for a Universalist—one who does not believe in a hell?" "Yes," was the old Methodist's reply; "if by the time Mr. Gurley has been in Congress a year he does not believe there is a hell, then I don't understand the present Administration. I shall vote for him."

—John Adams, being called upon for a contribution for foreign missions, remarked: "I have nothing to give for that cause, but there are here, in this vicinity, six ministers; not one will preach in the other's pulpit; now I will give as much and more than any one else to civilize these clergymen!"

For the Journal. Fred Show's Soliloquy.

BY MARY AMES ATKINS.

"What a glorious thing it is to be a bachelor! old maids and widows to the contrary notwithstanding. Smiles, bouquets, invitations and kisses, especially when one is a good looking bachelor—ahem! Franklin and all such old covies say, 'marry early.' A pin for their advice!—How conjugally inclined those exasperated antediluvians were, the old know-nothings! The matrimonial harness was always above par with them. Glad it has never been since they snuffed out!"

Strange that the old woman, my mother, is forever urging me to settle down, as if this same settling down was the only thing worth doing in a fellow's life. Me marry! I reckon I will, when I can call all the pretty girls who are sighing, dressing, and quarrelling for me, my wives. What are the married men of my acquaintances good for? Don't I know they look as anxious and jugged as a horse in a treadmill! No wonder, when they have so many expenses to father. Catch me to stand pay-master to any feminine this year. Particularly as bad as a shrunken purse is it, when wife is glutinous, has her eye teeth out, or always looking to windward. No chance for the husband of such a wife. And all women make such wives when they begin to suspect. No husband can travel to either side of Jordan without finding his bosom partner on the track. So, Minnie may sigh, Ellen may cry, and Julia frown till she turns brown. A perfect rhyme, by Jove! I knew I was a poet! Another feather in my cap; I'll print a volume of my effusions right off. Strange that genius has just manifested its divine presence in my soul; I feel immortal longings stir within me. I'll bind the laurel wreath about my brows, and set my fine eyes with finer frenzy rolling.—But—come to think of it, poets are usually musty, queer, absent-minded looking chaps, with droll ridiculous eccentricities. But I kindly not look that way! My mirror opposite kindly presents a different figure. Nature has been prodigal in her gifts to me as all my admirers assure me. So I'll invoke my muse immediately. Ah, Minnie, and Ellen, and Julia, you little know what is in store for you! What happiness to surprise the dear creatures weeping tears of delight over my book! Ah, Bryant, Longfellow, Irving, the whole herd of ye gifted ones, look to your laurels when my genius leads the whole world captive! I shall let all creation know who got up my book; no unknown author tacked to my efforts. Efforts? no, triumphs."

STARVING A SNAKE OUT OF A MAN'S STOMACH.—A correspondent at Pontonville, Mich., transmits to us a veritable snake story—one which appears on its face to be very extravagant, but which we believe to be true, as the author is entirely reliable. A man residing in that vicinity by the name of Beach, who is about thirty-one years of age, has been troubled with a pain in his stomach for about twenty-seven years; occasionally, during that time, having spasms. For the past seventeen years, the sufferer has been satisfied that there was a living animal of some kind in his stomach. If he drank liquor, the animal would seem to become drunk. This he judged from the fact that it remained perfectly quiet until the effects of the spirits wore off. At times when he took food offensive to the animal, it would become agitated, and roll about with a motion which could be felt by placing the hand upon the stomach.

Having tried many physicians without being relieved, Beach was induced to apply to a German, who recommended the process of starving the intruder out. This advice was adopted, and the patient succeeded in inducing the animal to come up into his throat, but for fear of strangulation, he swallowed it, and drove it back. For several months means were tried to relieve the man's stomach of its unwelcome guest, and finally, on Friday of last week, he passed an entire snake, measuring just three feet in length. It was somewhat decomposed, and had evidently lost three or four inches of its tail. As to its original size, our correspondent cannot determine. Its head measured crosswise just one inch and a quarter. Its teeth were about one eighth of an inch long. From the formation of its head, the correspondent thinks the reptile is of the common water-snake species. The man is now doing well, and is in good spirits in consequence of his being relieved of his hideous tormentor. Our correspondent, who is well known to us, and in whose assurance we can place the utmost confidence, is knowing to all the facts we have stated above.—*Sandusky Register.*

CAREFUL AT FORTUNE.
Take life as it comes;
If waiting in doubt,
Make glad of the crumb.
Each little is sweet,
If you smile the lip words,
But better the morsel,
When mingled with tears.

THE LOST AERONAUT.—Since the commencement of the search for the remains of Mr. Thurston, the lost aeronaut, in the swamps of Michigan and Canada, two bodies have been found, but neither was identified as that of Mr. Thurston. A correspondent of the Detroit Free Press, reflecting on his sad fate, has been induced to compute the time he would be in falling to the earth; his mean velocity, as well as the momentum with which he would strike the earth. His elevation was thought to be three miles when he was last seen, and assuming this to be the distance he fell, it would only require thirty-one and a half seconds for him to reach the earth, a mean velocity of 495 feet per second. Assuming his weight to be 160 lbs., he would strike the earth with a momentum equal to 160,500 pounds, or little more than 60 tons—power sufficient to scatter his body, bones and muscle into atoms so minute as scarcely to be perceptible, if not to bury him deep into the earth.

MADISON, INDIANA, Oct. 27.—At the trial today at Columbus, Indiana, of the suit of Shrewsbury & Price vs. Newberry, a verdict was rendered for the former for \$10,000, when the latter drew a pistol and shot himself through the heart and died instantly.

MADISON, INDIANA, Oct. 28.—Shrewsbury & Price's Flouring Mill, one of the largest in the country, was entirely destroyed by fire this morning. Two thousand bushels of wheat were burned. Loss \$50,000; insured \$20,000.

A knitting machine, that will knit a pair of perfect stockings in less than five minutes, has been invented by a New Yorker.

Life in California.

James Bloom, Esq., formerly a citizen of Wood County, moved to California, like many others, to make money. We have received a letter from him, and for the gratification of his many old friends and to give an unvarnished view of life in California, the following extract is transferred to the columns of the Journal:

"Please inform my old Wood County friends that I am getting along slowly. I suppose many of them are able, but not, as they used to be, to hear of my making some great strike; but the fact is, for one that makes a strike, nine hundred and ninety-nine spend all their labor and earnings in prospecting, and come out 'dead broke!' which in Wood County means, 'at the small end of the horn,' and I might safely say that three out of every four whom you meet in the mining regions of California find that the farmer's old turnpike, which of old was so hard on travelers, on the banks of the Jordan, is not improved on the American river. But still, California is a great country!"

"The climate is splendid; the valleys rich and productive; the gold fields inexhaustible, well adapted to future generations; a vast and tempting scope for adventurous operations; thereby insuring to the farmer and mechanic higher prices for their labor than any other country in the world. But no man has any business here, unless he is young, stout and hearty. He must be sober, steady, persevering, industrious, and economical; he must be able and willing to stand hard fare, and hard work; leave off all ideas of speculation, or of getting rich fast, and go right to work steadily, make all he can, and save all he makes; in short, if he is as saving and industrious as at home, a man can save here, at the end of the year, four times what he could in the States."

"But the trouble is, very few, comparatively, act on the principle I have just stated. Most of them are able, but not willing; and others are willing, but not able. Those who have known me for the past twenty years, know that I, for one, lack most of the necessary qualifications; and must, of necessity, be traced among the 'willing unables.' I have not the least idea of making a fortune, and my advice is to those who have a home, however humble, and even set, to stick to it like a bull on a pig's ear; and to save never to let go! It is easy to build castles in the air, fancy better localities, &c., &c., but one bird in the hand is worth a great many in the bush."

"But with all that, I have no reason to complain. Both my wife and I are in good health; I am out of debt, and have money in hand. If I had \$5,000 or \$6,000, I would go into some of the villages on the Ranch; but as I don't expect to make that much in a reasonable time, I intend to return to old Wood County, as soon as I get money enough to return decently."

"The necessities of life here cost about four times the home prices, on an average; while luxuries are exorbitantly high. For instance, one varnished, \$1; peaches, pears, apples, and grapes, from 40 to 50 cts. per pound. Now, I, who all my life have enjoyed an abundance of fruit, find it very hard to do without it."

The Gift of Love.

From the Kulerbocker for November.

"Give me," I said, "that ring,
Which on thy finger finger gleams;
Sweet thoughts to me 'twill bring,
When Summer sunset's beams
Have faded off the western sea,
And left me dreaming, lone, of thee!"

"Oh no!" the maiden cried;
"This shining ring is bright, but cold;
That band is loosely tied
Which must be clasped with gold!
The ring will soon forget thee,
Some better gift I'll give to thee!"

"Then give me that red rose,"
Said I, "which on thy bosom heaves,
In secreted repose,
And drops its fragrant leaves,
If thou wouldst have me think of thee,
Fair maiden give the rose to me!"

"Oh no!" she softly said;
"I will not give thee any flower;
This rose will surely fade—
It passes with the hour;
A faded rose can never be
An emblem of my love to thee!"

"Then give me but thy word—
A vow of love, which never fades;
I cried; "who once has heard
Such vows, can ever forget!
If thou wilt give this pledge to me,
Not ring nor rose will I care of thee!"

"Oh no!" she said again,
"For spoken vows are empty breath,
Whose memory is vain
When passion perishes;
If I lose my love for thee,
My vows must all be forgotten!"

"Then what," I asked, "wilt thou,
Oh dearest! to thy lover give?
Not ring nor rose, nor vow
May I from thee receive?
And yet some symbol should there be
To typify thy love for me!"

Then dropped her silvery voice
Into a whisper soft and low;
"Here, take this precious choice—
The sweetest love can know!
She said, and held aloft lovingly,
And smiling, gave—a kiss to me!"

"A man lately died in Boston from the effects of the growing in of a toe nail." Did he? We regret to hear it. We regret still more to hear that any one has lived to mature age without learning how to cut the growing in of a toe nail. By which we presume is meant that frequent occurrence of the corner of the nail growing into the overlying flesh, in consequence of wearing shoes or boots too tight. We have known cases of excruciating suffering arising from this cause; and only last week we rode down town with a surgeon on his way to operate on a toe that had become inflamed from the corner of the nail growing into the flesh. Now to prevent this difficulty, do not cut away the offending corner of the nail, as is usually done, very short, but cut a notch in the center, quite down to the quick, and keep that notch there until the difficulty is cured, which will sometimes be with the first cutting. The philosophy of the remedy is that the cut breaks the arch, and naturally changes the curvature of the nail, and makes the corners turn up instead of down.—*Tribune.*

SENATOR CHANDLER.—Mr. George W. Constable, one of the Salt Lake mail coaches, gave the mail when he left Salt Lake City, on the fourth of last month, the heat was oppressive; but when he got three days travel out of the city it snowed, and the fourth day the ground was frozen and the ice plenty. Three days later he went through snow nearly a foot deep, and when he got over on the North Platte the musquitos attacked him in swarms, and nearly devoured him. This was experiencing sudden changes and the four seasons in rapid succession.

Senator Hammond's Mud-Sill Speech.

The term "mud-sill" has been popularized, and is a new and very expressive phrase in the political vocabulary of the country. It was first used in the connection where it now flourishes, by Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, in his first speech in the Senate, last winter. Here is the passage of his speech, in which it was introduced: "In all social systems, there must be a class to do the mean duties—to perform the drudgery of life; that is, a class requiring but a low order of intellect and but little skill. Its requisites are vigor, docility, fidelity. Such a class you must have, or you would not have that other class which leads to progress, refinement, and civilization. It constitutes the very MUD-SILLS of society and of political government; and you might as well attempt to build a house in the air, as to build either the one or the other except on the MUD-SILLS. Fortunately for the South, she found a race adapted to that purpose to her hand. We use them for the purpose, and call them SLAVES."

The man who lives by daily labor, and who has put out his labor in the market and takes the best he gets for it, in short, the whole class of your manual laborers and operatives of the North are SLAVES. The difference between us, is that our slaves are hired for life, and well compensated; while your slaves are hired by the day, not cared for, and scarcely compensated.

* * * * *
You slaves are white, of your own race; you are brothers of our blood.

WHAT IS DEMOCRACY?

This question is thus satisfactorily answered by Parson Brownlow, of the Knoxville (Tenn.) Whig:

"To be a Democrat in whom there is no guile, a man must swear allegiance to no party! If the party hold a separate creed in opposition to the Union, every member is required to swear that there is no inconsistency in that! To be national, one must follow every Democrat in the nation, irrespective of his principles! And to be sectional is to oppose any principle said or proposed by the Administration! No man is to be proscribed because he may reject any one or all the articles of faith in the Democratic creed! While any interpretation, given to any or all the articles of the Democratic creed, by any man, North or South, is perfectly legitimate—the Democratic party, no matter where born, what color, of what faith, of what name, National State or county organization, are Simon Pure Democrats!"

How THE PRESS IS AFFLICTED BY DEAD HEADS.

Railroads occasionally complain of dead-heading, but no institution suffers so much from it as the press. A sensible writer says:

The press endures the infliction of dead-headism from the pulpit, the bar and the stage; from corporations, societies and individuals. It is expected to yield its interests; it is required to give strength to weak institutions; eyes to the blind; clothes to the naked, and bread to the hungry; it is asked to cover up infirmities, its weaknesses, and wink at improprieties; it is expected to herald quacks, bolster up dull authors, and flatter the vain; it is, in short, to be all things to all men; and if it looks for pay or reward, it is denounced as mean and sordid.—There is no interest under the whole heavens that is expected to give so much to society without pay or thanks as the Press.

Choice of a Wife.

Although we are convinced that young men would rather let their mothers choose their wives than their wives, yet we take our chance in republishing the following good advice. At all events some of our fair readers may mend their manners by it:

"Now, John, listen to me, for I am older than you, or I couldn't be your mother. Never do you marry a young woman, John, before you have contrived to drop in at the house where she lives, at least four or five times before breakfast. You should know how late she lies in bed in the morning. You should notice whether her complexion is the same in the morning wash and the towel have robbed her of her evening bloom. You should take care to surprise her in her morning dress, and observe how her hair looks when she is not expecting you. If possible, you should be where you could hear the morning conversation between her and her mother. If she is ill-natured or unsipish to her mother, so she will be to you, depend upon it. But, if you find her up and dressed neatly in the morning, with the same countenance, the same neatly combed hair, the same ready and pleasant answer to her mother, which characterizes her appearance and deportment in the evening, and particularly if she is lending a hand to get breakfast ready in good season, she is a prize, John, and the sooner you secure her to yourself the better."

DRIVEN OFF BY SUSPICION.

In May last, Capt. Willett Mott, a respectable ship chandler of Norfolk, Virginia, was suspected, on very slight grounds, of aiding in the escape of slaves, and ordered to leave the city. The Captain immediately sent his wife and children to Norfolk, and to Richmond, and thence via depot, to the letters to the Mayor of Norfolk, expressing his desire to submit to a trial, provided he could be assured of protection. He could, however, get nothing satisfactory from this quarter, and an appeal to Gov. Wise was equally fruitless. As a last resort, he returned to Norfolk, but was received with such hostile demonstrations, that he deemed it expedient to leave for Baltimore. He now intends to institute a suit in the United States Court, in some other part of the State than Norfolk, claiming damages against the city to the amount of \$25,000.

ERROR CORRECTED.

In the abstract of votes polled, at the late election in Franklin county, published in our last impression as official, the following shows the vote of W. B. Thrall, for Comptroller of the Treasury, 2,928. It should be 3,928. Judge Thrall leads his ticket 100 votes in this county, which is but a just tribute to sterling worth. While his opponent, Mr. Gilson, was on the stump faithfully engaged in the performance of the duties of his office.—Every one will concede that the people's interest will be zealously guarded under the Judge's administration.—*Columbus Gazette.*

A couple of Yankee girls put a bullfrog in the hired man's bed to see if they couldn't get him to talk. Daniel threw it out of the window and never said a word. Soon after he put half a bushel of chestnut burrs in the girl's bed, and about the time he thought they would make the least sound, Daniel went to the door and rattled the door latch furiously. Out went the candle, and in went the girls; but they didn't stick, though the burrs did. Calling to them, he begged them to be quiet, for he only wanted to know if they'd seen anything of that pesky bullfrog. He'd give two dollars to find it!"